

# MAUDLIN

## The Merchant's Daughter of BRISTOL.

To the Tune of, The Maiden's Joy, &c.

**B**Ehold the touchstone of true love,  
Maudlin the Merchant's daughter of Bristol  
Whose firm affection nothing could move,  
her labour bears the love's brown.  
A gallant youth was dwelling by,  
[town, And prove a faithful friend to me,  
which many years had born this maiden great  
that I to you my grief may show.  
She loved him so faithfully;  
[good will, With you repose your trust, he said,  
but all her friends withstood it still.  
in me who am unknown, & eke a stranger here,  
The young man now perceiving well,  
Be you assur'd most proper paid,  
he could not get nor win the favour of her friends,  
most faithful still I will appear:  
The force of sorrow to expel,  
I have a brother, then (quoth he)  
and hie to strange countries he intends;  
whom as my life I love & labour tenderly,  
And now to take his last farewell  
In Padua, alas! is he,  
of his true love, his fair and constant Maudlin,  
full sick, God wot, and like to die,  
With musick sweet that did excel,  
full said I would my brother see,  
he played under her window then:  
but that my father will not yield to let me go,  
Farewel (quoth he) mine own true love,  
Therefore, good sir, be good to me,  
farewel my dear and chiefest treasure of my heart,  
and unto me this labour show:  
Through fortune's spite that false did prove,  
Some ship-boy's garment bring to me,  
I am forc'd from thee to part,  
that I disguis'd may go unknown,  
Into the land of Italy:  
And unto sea I'll go with thee,  
there will I wail and weary out my life in woe,  
if thus much labour might be shown.  
Saying my true love is kept from me,  
Fair maid (quoth he) take here my hand,  
I hold my life a mortal foe:  
I will fulfil each thing that you desire,  
Fair Bristol town therefore adieu,  
And let you safe in that same land,  
for Padua shall be my habitation now,  
and in the place that you require.  
Although my love doth rest in thee,  
She gave to him a tender kiss,  
to whom alone my heart I bow,  
and saith, your servant master I will be,  
With trickling tears thus did he sing,  
And prove your faithful friend for this,  
with sighs & sobbs descending from his heart full  
Sweet master then forget not me.  
He said when he his hands did wring,  
This done as they had both agreed,  
farewel sweet love for evermore.  
soon after that before the break of day,  
Fair Maudlin from a window high,  
He brings her garments then with speed,  
beholding her true love with musick where he  
therein herself she did array;  
But not a word he did reply,  
And e're her father did arise  
fearing her parents angry mood.  
she meets her master as he walked in the hill,  
In tears she spent that woful night,  
He did attend on him likewise,  
wishing herself, though naked, with her faithful  
until her father did him call.  
She blames her friends and fortune's spite,  
But e're the merchant made an end  
that wrought her love such luckless end:  
of all his weighty matters all,  
And in her heart she made a vow,  
His wife came weeping in with speed,  
clean to forsake her country and her kindred all,  
saying, Our daughter's gone away.  
And for to follow her true love,  
The merchant then amaz'd in mind,  
to abide all chance that might befall.  
ponder vile wretch intic'd away my child (d. he)  
The night is gone, and the day is come,  
But I well wot I shall him find  
and in the morning very early did she rise,  
at Padua in Italy.  
she gets her down into a lower room,  
With that bespake the master brave,  
where sundry seamen she espies:  
Worshipful Merchant, thither goes this youth,  
A gallant master among them all,  
And any thing that you would crave,  
the master of a great and goodly ship was he,  
he will perform and write the truth.  
Who there was waiting in the hall,  
Sweet youth (qd. he) if it be so,  
to speak with her father if it might be.  
hear me a letter to the English there,  
She kindly takes him by the hand,  
And gold on thee I will bestow;  
God sir, said she, & would thou speak with any here?  
my daughter's welfare I do fear.  
Quoth he, Fair maid, and therefore I do stand.  
Her mother took her by the hand,  
Then gentle sir, I pray draw near;  
Fair youth (qd. she) if e're thou dost my daughter  
Let me soon thereof understand,  
Into a pleasant parlor by,  
and there is twenty crowns for thee,  
both hand in hand she brings the seaman all alone,  
Thus through the daughter's strange disguise,  
ing to him most piteously,  
her mother knew not when she spake unto her,  
us to him did make her moan,  
Then after her master straight she flies  
upon her bended knee,  
taking her leave with countenance mild;  
said she, now pity you a woman's woe,  
Thus to the sea sweet Maudlin is gone  
with her gentle master, God send them  
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**W**elcome sweet Maudlin from the seas,  
 where bitter storms & tempests do arise,  
 The pleasant banks of Italy,  
 you may behold with mortal eyes;  
 Thanks gentle master, then said she,  
 a faithful friend in secret thou hast been,  
 If fortune once do smile on me,  
 my gentle heart shall soon be seen;  
 Bless'd be the land that feeds my love,  
 Bless'd be the place whereas his person doth abide,  
 No trypal will I stick to probe,  
 whereby my true love may be try'd:  
 Bold will I walk with joyful heart, [main,  
 to view the town whereas my darling doth re-  
 And seek him out in every part,  
 until his sight I do obtain;  
 And I, quoth he, will not forsake  
 Sweet Maudlin in her sorrows up and down,  
 In voeal ch or woe thy part I'll take,  
 and bring thee safe to Padua town:  
 And after many weary steps,  
 in Padua they arrived at the last,  
 For very joy her heart it leaps,  
 she thinks not on her sorrows past,  
 Condemn'd he was to dye, alas!  
 except he would from his religion turn,  
 But rather then he would to mase,  
 in fiery flames he bow'd to burn.  
 Flow doth sweet Maudlin weep and wail,  
 her joy is turn'd to weeping, sorrow, grief & care,  
 For nothing could her plaints prebail,  
 for death alone must be his share,  
 She walks under the prison walls, [Cress,  
 where her true love did lye & languish in di-  
 Then wofully for food he calls,  
 when hunger did his heart oppresse;  
 He sighs and sobs, and makes great mean,  
 Farewel sweet-heart for evermore,  
 And all my friends that have me known,  
 in Briskow town with wealth and store.  
 But most of all, farewell, quoth he,  
 my own sweet Maudlin whom I left behind,  
 For never more thou shalt me see,  
 as to thy father most unkind:  
 How well I were if thou were here, [Cress,  
 with thy fair hands to close these ray-wetted  
 My torments easie would appear,  
 my soul with joy would scale the skies.  
 When Maudlin heard her lover's moan, [was,  
 his eyes with tears, her heart with sorrow fill'd  
 To speak with him no means was found,  
 for each grievous doom did on him pass.  
 Then she put off her lad's attire,  
 her maidens weed upon her back she seemly set,  
 To the judge's house she did inquire,  
 and there she did a service get:  
 She did her duty there so well,  
 and eke so prudently she did herself behave,  
 With her in love her master fell.  
 his servant's labour he doth crave:  
 Maudlin, quoth he, my heart's delight,  
 to whom my heart in affection is try'd,  
 Would not my death through thy displeight,  
 a faithful friend thou shalt me find.  
 Grant me thy love fair maid, quoth he,  
 and at my hands desire what thou canst devise,  
 And I will grant it unto thee,  
 whereby thy credit may arise,

I have a brother, sir, said she,  
 for his religion is now condemn'd to dye,  
 In loathsome prison he is cast,  
 opprest with grief and misery:  
 Grant me my brother's life (he said)  
 and now to you my love & liking will I give.  
 That may not be (quoth he) fair maid,  
 except he turn he cannot live:  
 An English fryer there is (he said)  
 of learning great, and passing pure of life,  
 Let him to my brother be set,  
 and he will finish soon the strife.  
 Her master granted her request,  
 the marriner in fryer's weeds she did array,  
 And to her love that lay distress'd,  
 she did a letter soon convey,  
 When he had read these gentle lines,  
 his heart was ravish'd with pleasant joy,  
 Where now she is full well he knew,  
 the fryer likewise was not coy;  
 But did declare to him at large,  
 the enterprize his love for him had taken in hand:  
 The young man did the fryer charge,  
 his love should straight depart the land.  
 Here is no place for her (he said)  
 but woful death and danger of her life,  
 Professing truth I was betray'd,  
 and fearful flames must end the strife.  
 For ever I will my faith deny,  
 and swear myself to follow damned antichrist,  
 I'll yield my body for my love,  
 to live in heat & highest bliss.  
 O sir, the gentle [Cress,  
 consent thereto, and end the strife.  
 A woful match (quoth he) is made,  
 where Christ is left to win a wife.  
 When she had us'd all means she might,  
 to save his life, and yet all would not be,  
 Then of the judge she claim'd her right,  
 to dye the death as well as he.  
 When no persuasions could prebail,  
 nor change her mind in any thing that she had said  
 She was with him condemn'd to dye,  
 and for them both one fire was made:  
 They, arm in arm most joyfully,  
 these lovers twain unto the fire did go,  
 The marriner most faithfully,  
 was likewise partner of their woe.  
 But when the judges understood,  
 the faithful friendship did in them remain,  
 They sav'd their lives, and afterwards,  
 to England sent them back again.  
 Now was their sorrow turn'd to joy,  
 and faithful lovers have their hearts desire,  
 Their pains so well they did implore,  
 God granted that they did desire.  
 And when they did to England come,  
 and in merry Briskow arrived at the last,  
 Great joy there was to all and some,  
 that heard the dangers they had past:  
 Her father he was dead God wot,  
 and eke her mother was joyful at her sight,  
 Their wishes she denyed not,  
 but wedded them to hearts delight:  
 Her gentle master she desired,  
 to be her father, and at church to give her then  
 It was fulfilled as she required,  
 to the joys of all good men.